

Sporting Life.

Shouts of joy greeted Salt Lake's importation from Portland when they came down from the north country to play the initial game in Zion with the husky gladiators of the Helena team. It was the first exhibition of real snappy, live baseball that had been seen here during the present season, and the local fans showed their appreciation of the advent of the tossers from the north by being at the Walker grounds in large numbers, notwithstanding the increase in the rate of admission. Salt Lake lost the first performance, as was expected by those who were duly advised that several of the best players in the Portland team had remained behind. Still every one was satisfied, except those who dropped a few errant pesos, for it was a beautiful battle from the beginning, and Salt Lake only lost by reason of harder and more timely hitting by the Montana men.

With the reinforcement of the local team by the absent players, or others who could suitably take their places, the Salt Lakers should have a splendid chance to achieve a high place in the league. One of the saddening features was that the locals failed to make good in the first performance. Cook was the only one at home in the fast company from the north, both Stoval and Fullmer being afflicted either with stage fright or locomotor ataxia. Their friends expect that they will develop better form in later games, provided they are still retained by the management. Unfortunately, Gimlin, one of the speediest of the Utahns, had decided to sever his connection with the league.

Nearly all the players from the north won a home with the local fans, and they were well satisfied with their reception. Such ball chasers as Parratt, Davis and Donahue can live here as long as they wish. It might also be announced that Quick has greatly improved and is something of a hero with his many Salt Lake friends.

It is predicted that Los Angeles will make the locals climb the high timbers, but it may be said in this connection that the Salt Lake management know what variety of ball players are needed and they are not asleep at the switch.

Salt Lake has not yet quite recovered from the pugilistic shell game that Mr. Mulvey handed

the public when he engineered the Herrera-Downey bogus battle. The aftermath of the fight was extremely ludicrous. Mr. Mulvey, having been very emphatically advised of the popular disapproval of the fiasco, signified at once that Downey's share of the mazuma and his own would go to some charity, to be stipulated by the sporting reporters of the four leading dailies. These scribes have received from Mr. Mulvey \$348 for distribution among the halt and crippled. This amount, it is stated, represents Mr. Mulvey's profits after the payment of expenses, and the share that should have gone to Downey. The gross receipts were \$1,930.40. Prize fighting does not appear to be very lucrative these days. But why did Mr. Mulvey turn the funds over to the sporting editors of the leading dailies? Is it possible that the privilege of distributing this is a partial reward for their dumbness when Mr. Mulvey's fighting fraud ought to have been exposed? The sum of \$100 went to Referee Donaldson. Very generous that, in Mr. Mulvey, for refereeing half a round of half a prize fight. While Mr. Mulvey stated that the Downey crowd were only to receive actual training expenses, the fact remains that they left on a Pullman car, at an expense of about \$200. What every one wishes to know is, who furnished the money? And if he gave them any money at all, why did not Mr. Mulvey treat his fakirs squarely and give them all the money they had coming? Can it be possible that Mr. Mulvey, besides being an ex-theatrical manager, is also an accomplished stage player?

The most farcical affair in connection with the swindle was the audacity of Mr. Jim Donaldson, the referee, in swearing out a warrant against Downey for perpetrating the prize fight fraud. It would be interesting to the public to learn who this Donaldson, who is protecting the public against frauds, really is. Possibly it would be just as well for him to read the old story about people hurling stones and at the same time living in glass houses. While Mr. Donaldson is trying to have the law enforced against one fakir, would it not be just as well for the chief of police to bring Donaldson before the city justice's tripod to show cause why he should not be sent to the rock pile on a charge of vagrancy? The city is already overburdened with personages of the caliber of Donaldson, and it would be gratifying to see him do a little work of public utility

and which did not involve the fleecing of the public.

George Gardner's decisive defeat of Root was a surprise to the local sporting fraternity. The result places Gardner in line for a battle with Fitzsimmons, who has signified his willingness to try conclusions with the new middle heavy-weight champion. If the fight is arranged, it is probable that the tall Cornishman will be generally picked as the winner.

Herrera seems anxious to meet some of the local aspirants for fighting honors before going against the big prize winners, and provided the goes are not managed by Mr. Mulvey, some good mills should be witnessed here in the near future.

Bicycle racing has again become immensely popular, and crowds which are bigger than those which saw the Lawson brothers in the old days witness the Tuesday and Friday night performances at the Salt Palace. When the fast sprinters from the east arrive, the saucer track from present indications will prove an important bonanza to the Salt Palace management.

SKILL IN DIAGNOSIS.

Robert Henri, the well-known painter, told the other day a striking story about the Philadelphia physician, Dr. W. W. Keen.

An artist was escorting Dr. Keen through an exhibition of pictures. Before the portrait of a man of middle age the physician stopped.

"Do you know this man?" he asked.

"I believe," the artist answered, "that it is a Mr. So-and-So."

"Is he dead?"

"Yes. He has been dead almost two years."

"Well," said Dr. Keen, "I would wager that he died of heart disease."

The artist, struck by a skill that could find material for diagnosis in a picture, inquired into the death of the portrait's original, and found that the man had indeed died of heart disease the winter before.—Detroit News Tribune.

If the postoffice scandals are an old story it has had the very best cold storage treatment.—Omaha World-Herald.



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TIME TABLE:

Leave Salt Lake.	Arrive Salt Lake.
No. 2.....10:30 a.m.	No. 1.....1:30 p.m.
No. 4.....2:30 p.m.	No. 3.....3:45 p.m.
No. 6.....4:20 p.m.	No. 5.....5:45 p.m.
No. 8.....6:20 p.m.	No. 7.....7:45 p.m.
No. 10.....8:00 p.m.	No. 9.....9:30 p.m.
No. 12*.....9:45 p.m.	No. 11*.....11:30 p.m.

*Sunday's last train leaves Saltair at 6:00 p. m.

Trains from 1st South and 4th West Streets.

J. E. LANGFORD, Gen. Mgr.